

THE POST.

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At Lebanon, Ky., By
W. W. Jack.

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Post's Corner.



THE FIRST-BORN.

The first-born is a fairy child,
A wondrous emanation;
A tender creature, full and wild—
A moving exclamation!
Beside the hearth, upon the stair,
(Is footstep loud with its noise;
And childhood's features fair,
Are touched with mystic brightness,
A hidden rapture bringing.

First pledge of their betrothed love—
O, happy they that claim it!
First gift direct from heaven above—
O, happy they that claim it!
It utters the household with its voice,
And, with quick laughter ringing,
Makes the inanimate rooms rejoice,
A hidden rapture bringing.

Its beauty all the beautiful things
By knave and light renounces;
But, evermore with its shining wings,
On airy confines trembles,
So much of those that gave it birth,
Of Father and of Mother;
So much of this world built on earth,
And so much of another!

Select Tales.

(From the Artists' Journal.)

A Tale that Morpheus told Me.

By JULY LUTE.

"All night long, in broken slumber,
I went down the world of dreams;
Through a land of war and turmoil,
Swept by loud and laboring streams."

It was one of those sultry afternoons, when no comfort is found within doors, and without, everything seems withering and melting under the scorching rays of a July sun; when not a zephyr moves its silken wings, and the only air in the dusty town, seems like the breath of a furnace. I opened every door, threw up every window, tried to raise a little wind with a broad palm leaf, looked at the picture of Sir John Franklin at the North Pole, read a story of Lapland in winter, but I could not even imagine a coolness. Then I looked longingly toward the woodlands, for I fancied I saw the trees wave, and felt sure I would find a little breeze to fan me there—at least, a little shade. So, donning a huge sun-bonnet, and tucking like Maxwell affectionately under my arm, I left the busy streets, and sought a path leading along the banks of a beautiful stream that wound among the hills and along the valleys, like a silver thread, till its meandering was lost in the distant wood. I wandered on, through meadows and over hill-tops, stopping sometimes, to watch the graceful swing of the mowers, listen to the song of the reapers, or catch the faint hum of the village, until the sounds at length died away in the distance, and wearied and warm, I began to look about me for a shady seat. I soon espied a small grove, so closely overhung with vines that, with every breeze their foliage swept the brink of the stream. Its thick shade promised a cool retreat from the burning sun, and I entered, and seating myself on a fallen tree, was soon wandering with little Madge and Clarence though Dream-life, so deeply interested, till the sun had gone out, and twilight was fast deepening into night. I closed my book and rose to return home, but a light in the East, told me Rob Horn's merry face would soon "come rounding up the skies," and I sat down again; so much I love—between the hours of day and night, when the great round moon is lighting up the world, and the stars peep gaily out—so much I love to sit in a quiet corner, and gaze on some rural scene, and this for rural beauty could not be surpassed.

On the opposite side of the stream, a broad expanse of cultivated lands stretched away in the blue distance, till their undulating lines seemed to meet the sky. Fields of Barley, Wheat and rye, ready for the sickle, bent their heads to the night breeze which, springing up, had moderated the air and rendered it delightful; and now it played with the long streamers of the green corn, sending them dancing about to the sound of their own music, and then it swept gently through the lofty trees, lifting their dewy leaves with a pleasant rustling sound. Pastures "in white clover clad," where the gentle kine, eased of their luscious burden, rested lazily; orchards bending with their loads of ripening fruit, cast broad shadows over the waving grass and meadows of new-mown hay, sent forth balmy odors on the wings of every zephyr that floated past till the whole atmosphere seemed laden with its sweets. Weary horses and lowing oxen, freed once more from their daily toil, came to shake their thirst, and now stood midway in the stream, or moved slowly up the bank, while a few songsters in the grove warbled lowly as the moon shone brightly into their nests, and the night-hawk wheeled and sported in the blue ether above them. I had sat, I know not how long, gazing, some times at the lovely landscape, then at the glittering, cloudless sky, reflecting in the bright water at my feet, when I was startled by the sound of approaching footsteps, and, a moment after, a youth and maiden walking hand in hand, came slowly down the path, and stopping just without the grove, seemed

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for a time to forget themselves in silent admiration of the scene. The lady was very young—not over sixteen, I judged—and fair as the dawn. A brow, as purely white as a newly blown lily, was shaded by a profusion of jetty curls that encircled a head of such classic beauty as could only have been modeled by the hands of the Graces. Her soul-full eyes were dark as night, and brilliant as the beams that lighted them—her cheeks were the ruddy glow of health, and her beautifully curved lips were such as an artist loves to paint; while joined to these was a form of most faultless symmetry, and a hand and foot that an hour would have been proud of. Her companion was also young—his age could scarce have exceeded twenty years, and his figure was so slight and boyish, as to give an idea of extreme delicacy, of constitution. His eyes were of that clear blue, so rarely found except in early childhood—his ample brow bore the stamp of intellect, and the light hair curled as gracefully about it as though a mother's hand had just threaded its silken mazes.

A shade of sadness crossed his fine face, whenever his eyes rested on the lovely being by his side, and he seemed even struggling with some painful thought; while she, as if unconscious of his mood, began to ply him with lively sallies, which he strove to answer as gaily, till at length, in a serious, half-musing tone, he said—

"Yes, Lena, it were better to part now—now while our hearts are young in love—we, young in years. If I go now, you will, in time, learn to forget me, and love again, some more fortunate, and mayhap, more worthy suitor."

"Claude," said she, turning her young face up to his, while her cheek blanched and tears almost choked her utterance—"Claude, will you drive me mad?" Then, in a voice softened and broken by emotion, she exclaimed, "O! how much you wrong me. But you do not know my heart, or you would not wound it thus. Forget you! your image is inscribed in my heart of hearts—and worshipped with the purest, fondest, maddest devotion ever mortal felt! Even now, when you would cast me off, I would lay down my life for you. Forget you?—indeed!"

"Nay, my sweet Lena," he said, in accents of deep emotion, "dry those tears—I did not mean to wound you—I know you love me—I know you would not easily forget me—but what hope have we? I am poor—yes, poor! and your father is inexorable; has even spurned me like a dog from his door—and all because I am cursed with the crime of poverty! How then, can I expect he will consent to our union?"

"That he will not, while you are poor and nameless—alas! that it should be so in our own free and enlightened America, where true merit should be the passport to any circle, and fathers should be proud and happy to bestow their daughters on men of worth and talent. I know my father is stern and determined in his opposition to our wishes, now; but 'learn to labor and to wait,' he will yet relent."

"Ah! Lena, were I certain that by toiling a few years, I could win you, most willingly would I tax this frail body with the most incessant labor; but it is a fortune your father requires, and how can I amass one that will satisfy him, when, by the greatest exertion, I can only support myself? My best pictures, you know, I cannot dispose of by lotteries, and my pen does not bring me a farthing."

"Be more hopeful, dear Claude, you are yet young, and already you are an accomplished artist, while your pen contributes to the best publications of the day. Every production of pen and pencil, if you will it, shall advance you, till ere long you shall rank with our country's best poets and painters. And then when you are known to fame, your works will command money as well as adulation—and if, in your transit from obscurity to renown, you have not learned to forget your loving Lena, my father will readily sign her over to the distinguished Claude Cumberland—ah! how happy I shall be then, my own Claude."

"Bless you, Lena, you are a lovely prophetess, and were I as sanguine as you are, I should be quite happy now."

"And you are happy now; I know it. I can see it in your dancing eyes. I knew I could drive the blues away; and now, if you would never put on that long face again, I think it would be for your health; there's no necessity for your having so many dark hours; they would not come so often if you did not nurse them so tenderly. Whenever you feel them coming, get up some excuse for a hearty laugh, there is nothing like it to frighten the blue-devils. They never come near me; Pa says it's because I am such a rump, and threatens to send me to a convent if I do not reform my hoidenish ways; and I really believe he would, only that Mr. Goldbug believes me like my little giddy ways."

"Mr. Goldbug! and pray, Lena, who is Mr. Goldbug?"

"And pray, Claude—jealous, eh? Well, then, Mr. Goldbug is a bewhiskered dandy, with rotten brains, whom my father wishes me to marry because he thinks him wise and rich. He thinks him wise because he called me a daughter of Momus, and rich, because he wears so much jewelry and boasts of his lands; but he is not rich, and his wisdom, if he were

as wise as Plato, would have very little weight with Pa, if not backed with the "material aid," so I will humor him for a time; he may even prepare for a splendid wedding, if he chooses, and then I will let him know how the whiskerand's purse is crying for quarters—rare sport that will be."

And she clapped her little hands in childish glee, while her silvery laugh rang out on the clear night like a peal of musical bells. Claude took up the refrain, and laughed too, right merrily.

At this moment I fancied I heard a rustling among the vines, behind me, and turning, beheld, peering out from among the leaves, a face so wicked, attached to a form so ugly, that it seemed the distorted monster of some hideous dream. I tried to scream, but the sound stuck in my throat—fear had made me dumb; but my eyes saw everything—his intention—the lovers' danger, and I tried to spring forward to warn them, but could not even move, and as I saw the wretch raise a heavy club, and stealthily approach the unconscious couple, I closed my eyes to shut out the sight. But Claude discovered the movement in time to spring aside just as the club came down with a force that sent the wretch headlong into the stream. Claude watched him a moment, and seeing he could not swim, sprang in and bore him to the shore; but the villain had scarce gained a footing, when, clutching his noble preserver, he pushed him back, and tried to hold his head under the water. Claude struggled and begged for mercy. Lena stamped her little foot and shook her clenched hands, while her eyes seemed to rain sparks of fire.

"Villain!" she cried, "let him go, or I will have you hanged! Let him go! You detestable wretch! Let him go, I say!" Then dropping on her knees, she besought him with tears and prayers.

"Mr. Goldbug!" she exclaimed, "dear, kind, good Mr. Goldbug! do let him go, and I will reward you with gold, love, anything, anything! only let him go!" But her threats and pleadings fell alike unheeded, and Claude's strength was fast failing when, as if impelled by some strange power, she sprang to her feet, and with the aspect of a pythoness, and the strength of a man, she harled a heavy stone at the wretch, but it fell harmless into the water—another followed, and another with no better effect, then seizing a club she rushed forward to the water's edge, dealing him blow after blow upon the head; till he fell reeling into the water—it closed over him with a sullen groan, and he sank down—down!

"O! pshaw! I am awake now—and so that tragedy was all a dream!"

The Mother and her Family.

The philosophy is rarely found. The most perfect sample I ever met, was an old woman, who was apparently the poor and most forlorn of the human species; so true is the axiom which all profess to believe, and none act upon invariably, viz., that all happiness, not depend upon outward circumstances. The wise woman to whom I have alluded, walks to Boston, a distance of twenty or thirty miles to sell a bag of brown thread and stockings, and then patiently walks back again with her little gains. Her dress, though tidy, is a grotesque collection of "shreds and patches," coarse in the extreme.

"Why don't you come down in a wagon?" said I, when I observed she was wearied with her long journey.

"We can't get any horse," she replied; "the neighbors are very kind to me, but they can't spare their'n, and it would cost as much to hire one as all my thread would come to."

"You have a husband—don't he do anything for you?"

"He is a good man—he does all he can but he's a cripple and an invalid. He reels my yarn and mends the children's shoes. He's as kind a husband as a woman need have."

"But his being a cripple is a heavy misfortune to you," said I.

"Why, ma'am, I don't look upon it in that light," replied the thread woman. "I consider that I have great reason to be thankful, that he never took any bad habits."

"How many children have you?"

"Six sons and five daughters, ma'am."

"Six sons and five daughters! What a family for a poor woman to support!"

"It's a family, surely, ma'am; but there ain't one of 'em that I'd be willing to lose. They are all as healthy children as need to be—all as willing to work and all clever to me. Even the littlest boy when he gets a cent now and then for doing an errand is sure to bring it to me."

"Do your daughters spin your thread?"

"No, ma'am; as soon as they are big enough to they go out to service, as I don't want 'em to keep them always delving for me; they are always willing to give me what they can; but it's right and fair that they should do a little for themselves. I do all my spinning after the folks are in bed."

"Don't you think you should be better off, if you had no one but yourself to provide for?"

"Why, no, ma'am, I don't. If I hadn't been married I should always had to work as I could, and now I can't do more than that. My children are a great comfort to

me, and I look forward to the time when they'll do as much for me, as I have done for them."

Here was true philosophy! I learned a lesson from that poor woman which I shall not soon forget.

JUVENILES.

An additional instance of the danger of attempting to show off children before company, was related to us by a friend, who, although he has an interesting family of young folks, who reflects great credit upon their bringing up, does not exhibit them as prodigies.

At a party assembled at a house on Fourth street, a few evenings since, the fair hostess wished to astonish her company, with the precocity of her 'pretty little curly headed boy,' of four years of age, and Frank recited the 'Pet Lamb,' with great applause.

"Why," remarked a gentleman in the crowd, anxious to propitiate the mother of the young genius, 'he pronounces his words with astonishing distinctness, another proof of his mother's admirable teachings.'

"Yes," said the gratified mother, 'and I believe in teaching children French in their infancy, as well as their native tongue. I have already taught Frank to pronounce a number of familiar French words. Listen!—Frank say *parlez la*—pretty now!'

The prodigy thinking, no doubt, of that children's friend, Peter Parley, answered this correctly.

"Oh, admirably," said the gentleman.

The lady encouraged by the applause proceeded.

"Now Frank, say *bouquet*, and you shall have some ice cream."

Frank thus encouraged, commenced,—'boo, 'boo,' but getting no farther, the mother continued.

"That's right so far. Vulgar people always say boo,—but boo what, Frank?"

Upon a second bid the child kept 'boo—boing' until his mother, fearful that he would be set down for a booby, again came to the rescue with,

"Come, Frank, you say it. You certainly have not forgot—what do I put in the glass every morning?"

"Oh, I know now—why b-b—brandy mother!"

Frank got a scream, for ice cream, and was sent away to get up his French. He went out boo-boo-boing to another tune.

Revolutionary Anecdote.

Mr. B., a merchant of Providence, R. I. and a man celebrated afterwards for his liberality and public spirit, was the owner of a most fortunate privateer which sailed out of the port of Providence. On one occasion when she had just shipped a cargo of sugar, taken from a very rich prize, in sailing into the harbor, one of the hogsheads stove, and a quantity of sugar fell out. A poor woman in the neighborhood seeing the disaster, ran and filled her apron. Mr. B., from the loft of his store, called out—

"What are you doing there?"

"Privateering, sir!" answered the poor woman looking up.

The retort was so forcible, that the merchant immediately made her a present of the entire hoghead.

BURNS AND FERGUSON.

That Burns erected a monument over the grave of Ferguson, the poet, is well known—not so, hitherto, a little circumstance of interest connected with this honorable tribute to a brother poet. It now appears that two years elapsed before Burns was able to pay for the monument, as witness a letter to Hill, dated in 1793; "I send you by the bearer, Mr. Clark, a friend of mine, six pounds and a shilling which you will dispose of as follows: Five pounds ten shillings per account I owe to Mr. R. Burns' architect, for erecting a stone over the grave of poor Ferguson. He was two years in erecting it, after I had commissioned him for it, and I have been two years in paying him, after he sent me his account; so he and I are quits. He had the *hardiness* to ask me interest on the sum; but considering the money was due by one poet for putting a tombstone over another, he may, with grateful surprise, thank heaven that he ever saw a farthing of it."

Wm. Bamber, recently burned to death in Albany, had a most singular presentment of evil when he left his young wife on the fatal evening. It had been for some time his conviction that he should die a violent death, and an hour before his death he mentioned the violent fate of several relatives. Several times during the day of the accident, he expressed presentiments of immediate evil, and talked about making a will, looked over his accounts, &c. When he left his wife at first, he returned, and made her repeat some music, hesitated, then kissed her, and said he would be back immediately. He was soon after brought home a blackened, burned and dying man.

An analysis of the cucumber, by professor Salisbury, of Albany, shows that seven-sevenths of one hundredth of the fruit are water. This is more than the watermelon, which contains ninety-four parts that muskmelon contains ninety.

Jonathan Spike's Speech on the Protection of Hen Roosts.

Mister President: I've sot here and listened to Tom Hone's pusillanimous attempts to get you to vote agin this bill for the protection of hen roosts till he's completely riz up the ridgerous sensibilities of my intellectual capacities! But, Mr. President, what care I? His high-toned argifyin' hangs to the end of my sheert, flap like a bunch of burdocks to a jack-asses tail! O hearken to him no longer, most high an' mighty boss, for he's gone—hushed up, jumped into the depths of unlimited space; or, in the tetotacious language of Shakespeare, when er' liekin' the luggins—"Div—kerslash!"—into the briny ocean!"

The mud eels an' cat fish
On his body will riot,
An' lobsters an' flat fish
Select him for diet.

Mister President: I'm a blazin' with the smoke of vengeance agin Tom Hone, and to show you that sumthin' must be done for the protection of hen roosts,

"I shall a tail an' d whose lites words
Will harer your soul up—freeze ver blood;
Make yer two eyes like stars start out their speers,
An' yer combined locks to stan' on end,
Like quills on the dreadf'ul porkypine."

Mister President:—Hark! The nite is dark an' fearful, an' the tom cats make it more so by their awful yellins. The thunders rumble through the cordage, an' fierce lightning's split the sky. There—close by Uncle Ebenezer's barn—is the peaceful an' happy hen-house. Inside quietly reposit on their majestical roosts, are the virtuous and lamb-like hens, the infantile chickens, an' the aged rooster, wot kin lick anything in the bird line that carries legs. Their thoughts are sweet as a sap yoke, an' happy as a gal brider. But a lass!

"A change comes, o'er the spirit of my dream."
Metlicks I see a wretch enter that joyous and happy wigwam, an' with unflinching hand tear from their peaceful abode these innocent hens, an' slams 'em in a bag notwithstanding that supplications for mercy their pleading's for their life.

Mister President:—I am sen sick at the atrocity of such a scene, an' I turn from it like I wood from a skunk. You may sarch all over creation, from the topmost peaks of the Alleghanys down inter the innermost depths of the Dead Sea, and you couldn't find another sich a barbarous savage.

Mister President:—I believe the pro-estimated delirium of this destituted republic is centered on the passin' of this bill. If it is passed, yer eyes will be semi-circled with diadems of glory. If it ain't, the turkey buzzards of remorse will gallop threw yer dreams, and ten legged roosters will perch on yer bedsteads an' crow—

"Peace!—Peace!—There is no peace!"

Mister President:—I'm dnn. Give us a chew tobacco.—Privateer.

Stephen Allen's Pocket Piece.

Among the victims of the Henry Clay disaster was Stephen Allen, Esq., an aged man of the purest character, formerly a Mayor of New York, beloved and esteemed by all who knew him. In his pocket-book was found a printed slip, apparently cut from a newspaper, of which the following is a copy:

"Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands can't be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him. Drink no intoxicating liquors. Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper; small and steady gains give competency and tranquility of mind. Never play any game of chance. Avoid temptation; though fear may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt, unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of one. Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy. Save when you are young to spend when you are old. Read over the above maxims at least once a week."

CATCHING FLIES.—The Prairie Farmer tell how they catch flies in England. It is done by "fly-papers," and the process is called "fly-torture," on account of the manner in which the insects have their feet fastened in the "stocks." The article used is rosin and sweet oil mixed, and spread over the surface of a newspaper, and then slightly sprinkled with sugar dust. The moment the fly puts down his foot he is fast. They are thus caught with great rapidity. The "torture" appears to consist in a want of liberty to go where they please.

This column invariably, well 600 "

Terms of Advertising.

For 12 lines or less, 1st insertion, - - - 7 1/2
For each subsequent insertion, - - - 25
For half column 6 months, - - - - \$14
" " 12 months, - - - - 18
For whole column 6 months, - - - - 25
" " 12 months, - - - - 35

A liberal deduction made for yearly advertisements. When the number of time for continuing an advertisement is not specified, it will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE PRINTERS' LIBRARY.—Several interesting curiosities were presented to the New York Typographical Society for its Library, at its meeting on Saturday evening, the 14th instant.

Mr. Edward J. Purse, a printer of Savannah, Ga., presented an eagle, cut out of solid brass, and appears to be as good as when first cut. It was used in the head of a Georgia newspaper (probably the Gazette), soon after the Revolution.

A member of the Society now a resident of Savannah—Mr. Edward Cole—made a present of seven of the bills of currency in vogue in the days of the Revolution. Two of the bills were issued by the assembly of Maryland, March 1, 1770. One of them was for eight, and the other was for four dollars. They entitled the bearer to gold or silver at the rate of 4s. 6d. sterling per dollar; or the amounts designated in them were payable in bills of exchange in London. On the back of the bills are printed the words "Tis death to Counterfeit." They are signed R. Conden and J. Clapham, and are numbered 1207 and 4714.

A bill for two shillings and sixpence, issued by the Assembly of Pennsylvania, in the thirteenth year of the reign of His Majesty George III. It is dated October 1, 1773.

A bill for eight dollars, issued by the Assembly of Maryland, April 1, 1774. Also another for one dollar, of the same date of issue.

A bill for ninepence, issued by the Assembly of Pennsylvania, October 25, 1775.

A bill for thirty dollars, issued by the State of Georgia. It is about the size of the bills of the present day, but printed on common looking paper. It entitles the bearer to thirty dollars, to be paid within the space of twelve months, out of the moneys arising from the sales of forfeited estates, pursuant to an act of Assembly, passed the fourth day of May, 1778. It was printed in Savannah, in 1778, by W. Lancaster.

There are now quite a number of literary curiosities to be seen, free of charge at the Printers' Library, which is open every evening. Among the collection will be found some very interesting ancient works.

BOB'S NOTION OF BOOK FARMING.—Bob the farmer's son, thus expresses his notion of an improved system of farming in the Indiana Farmer:—

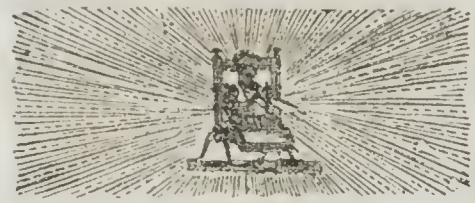
I have only to say to you, that I wish you would keep your agricultural paper to yourselves, and away from our house. Since the old man has been taking it there is no "rest for the wicked," certain. It keeps us hauling *muck*, (as he calls it,) manure—old ashes, and even makes us clean out the pig-pen and put the filth on the fields. Formerly there was some mercy shown the horses, for we ploughed only three or four inches deep, but now, nothing less than ten inches will do, and the ground is to be ploughed below that, with a new plough he has just bought.

The next thing, I presume, will be to take the bottom out of the well! We used to take the Palladium, and he would suck down the politics contained in it as gossips truths, and had plenty of time to spend half a day any time to talk about who should be elected, and who should not.—But he don't read the paper now, and he is as anxious to get the Farmer, as he was formerly to have election day come round. He is all the time talking about new "fertilizers," new varieties of seed, who will get premiums, &c. He don't only talk either, but he makes us boys hoe to it from morning till night. We have had to tear down all the fences, and re-set them, and he has got the old lady in the notion of whitewashing the garden fence. What foolishness! and the plague of it is, we boys have it to do—just wasting the time we might spend in fishing. So keep your paper to yourselves and we will have some rest again.

CURIOSITY OF ANIMALS.—In conversation with a gentleman who had crossed the plains to California, he informed us of the curious mode of shooting the antelope.—His party had often tried to shoot one, but they were so timorous they never could get within shooting distance of them.—They met a party in which there was a U. S. officer, and to him mentioned the difficulty of getting a shot at an antelope.—"Oh," says he, "it is the most easy thing in the world—I will show you how to do it." Next day they saw a troop of antelopes, and the U. S. officer approached as near as he thought was prudent, before they would take flight; he then laid down on the ground, waved a handkerchief, and made some antic movements. The antelopes having their bump of curiosity excited, approached gradually nearer and nearer to see the row, until they were within thirty-rods, when bang went the rifle and down came a fine buck. By manœuvring in this manner with a troop of antelopes, the party never afterwards had much trouble in alluring them to within range of the deadly American rifle.—Scientific American.

Mrs. Stanton, the progressive woman of Western New York, defines an American to be "a machine that squirts tobacco juice for three or four years, and then dies."

THE POST,



LEBANON, KY.,

Wednesday Morning, Sept. 15, 1852.

Remember!

That from and after the 30th of Sept. the *Lebanon Post* can be sent to any post office in this county free of postage; and to any post office in the State at the low rate of 3½ cents per quarter, or 13 cents the year. Now who will not subscribe to their own paper?

Come up and subscribe for the *Post*, and get your friends and neighbors to subscribe. We have not near got a living list yet. Remember, also, that we propose to send it to clubs of 10 for \$15, or \$1 50 to each subscriber; or to clubs of 20 for \$25, or \$1 25 to each subscriber. Clubs must be paid for in advance. We make no boasts about our paper, but we are willing to let it sink or swim on its own merits or demerits. If you do not like our paper do not take it, but do not say: "I like the paper very well, and would be very glad to see it continue," and then turn right around and borrow your neighbor's paper.

We have discovered a vast amount of indigent poverty, since our sojourn in this county; men who no one would suspect of being "hard run;" who, in fact are reputed wealthy; and yet, astonishing to relate, they are not able to take their own paper! We would go in to levy a penny tax to support such men.

We would again reiterate our wish that those persons who call at our Reading Room, to peruse our files &c., be careful and not tear or demolish them; and by all means to place all the files, &c., in the same places from which they took them. We are a great lover of order and it takes more time than we have to spare to follow up every reader that visits our room, and re-arrange what they have turned into wild confusion. We are perfectly willing that any one should read our exchanges, for we wish to cultivate a taste for reading, especially among the young men of this place; but, really, we will have to lock our exchanges up, in self-defence.

In another column will be seen the proceedings of a meeting held at Webberville Tex. Dr. R. C. MOFFETT, was a particular friend of ours, and most deeply and earnestly do we condole with his relations and numerous friends. He was the favorite of all who knew him; possessing as he did, a warm and impulsive heart, and a disposition ever alive to the dictates of honor. This token of respect, coming as it does from a community to which he was comparatively a stranger, tells well for his memory. When he left Springfield for the far-off fertile plains of Texas, there was many a warm pressure upon his honest palm, accompanied with the heart-felt prayer for his safe return to Kentucky. A few weeks since, we published a letter from him, stating how bright were his prospects, and what hopes he had of establishing himself in his profession.—But, alas! how uncertain is life! his letter had not traversed half the distance to its destination, ere he was cold and stiff in death. Long may his virtues live in the memory of his friends.

We see that the Louisville *Varieties* man has hoisted the name of Mrs. JANE G. SWISSELM, for President; and our most unfortunate self for Vice President. One thing we are sorry for—that the *Varieties* is so very obscure that we fear it will not be known out side of the office from which it is published.

Truly WALSH, thou art an enigma! We have long known of your predilection to "petticoat government," but little thought you would have wished us to assist to rule you and your herd! So be it, we will do our duty, should it devolve upon us.

We are rejoiced to state that two out of every three of our countrymen we hear speaking on the subject, in this city, declare they will not vote for Pearce.—*Lou. Varieties*.

You're laboring under a mistake—Africans are not allowed to vote in Kentucky.

"If IGNORANCE IS BLISS, 'TIS FOOLY TO BE WISE.—The editor of the *Varieties* wishes us to inform him what posts are! If he don't know what a lamp post is, he is mighty loving and familiar with strangers; that's all.

Circuit Court commences in this place, on next Monday.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Who hath the dyspepsia? They that drink weak coffee! Who hath weak nerves all the day long? They that look into the coffee cup when it is too pale to cast a shadow! Look not upon coffee when it giveth not its color to the cup. Know all men by these presents, that we have been presented with one of Remington's Patent Coffee Pots, and honestly declare that we would not use any other kind in our family. In olden times fortunes were given, love-matches were made by grounds left in the bottom of a cup of muddy coffee. Now there is no grounds left in your cup; but there is a more substantial fortune given by this new invention, in the shape of good, strong coffee, with a saving of one-third of the coffee now used.

In conclusion we would say that "H. JOHNSON near the Public Square, Dealer in Stoves and Tin Ware," is the only authorized agent for the manufacture of this truly excellent coffee pot, in this county.

Our friend, H. R. GREEN, of Springfield, is the agent for Washington County. Also, Wm. F. MCGILL, of Bardstown, possesses the agency for Nelson Co.

Hon. J. L. HELM will address the people of this county, at the Court House, on next Monday the 27th, on the subject of National Politics.

Hon. DAVID MEHRIVETHER, will address the people of Marion, on next Monday, at the Court House in this place on the subject of National Politics.

We are told that we are to have a Carriage and Buggy manufactory in our town. Mr. GREEN of Danville purposes to locate in Lebanon, and we are sure he could not have made a better choice.

Mr. J. C. Purdy, neighbor of the John Purdy who raised the tall stock of corn, tells us that he can beat him. He raised a stock of corn in his field, measuring 20 feet 7 inches in height and 30½ inches around the butt. A jay-bird had built its nest in the tassel, and a wood pecker had made its nest-hole directly under where the second ear joined the stock, (it bore two ears,) and when found contained 4 young ones. The stock bore likewise, a good crop of *chinkapins*.

We do not pretend to hint that Mr. P. has been guilty of a prevarication, but this does seem to us to be a very big—stock of corn.

Mr. T. L. BRADFORD, President of the Cincinnati and Nashville Rail Road Company, pursuant to an appointment, spoke here on Saturday last, to a pretty large audience. He spoke on the benefits of Rail Roads in general and the especial advantages of the Cincinnati and Nashville road to the people of this county, by its being built through their territory. We had not the pleasure of hearing the gentleman, as we were absent; but we are informed that he made an excellent and most powerful effort in favor of his cause.

The Chief Engineer of the Louisville and Nashville Rail Road Company, started from this place on yesterday, (Tuesday,) on the proposed route through Bardstown, to the L. & N. line. This is merely a visit of observation, to note the most practicable route, previous to the final survey. We hope, by next week to report the result of his observations.

We are in reception of the October number of *Godey's Lady's Book*. It is a splendid double number. It may be seen by calling at our Reading Room.

The highest encomium we could pass upon their performance, is by stating that the editor of the Louisville *Varieties* pronounces them humbugs.—*Post*.

We must, in justice, confess you are a better judge of such bells as they use, than we are; for many a day you have had one suspended from your neck, and whilst seeking your frugal dinner of herbs, you regulated your steps to its music.—*Lou. Varieties*.

What "bell weather" do you follow in your course against Pearce? What kind of bell does he wear? You appear to be very well acquainted with its tinkle.

HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.—The editor of the Louisville *Varieties*, belaboring McGee, of the *American Celt*, for dabbling in politics! Ha! ha! haw! aint it funny?—*Post*.

Really, Jack-o we cannot see cause for your surprise; for most men will confess that, after standing your nonsense for nearly two years, we ought, by this time, be able to take a turn with the arch-fiend himself.—*Varieties*.

In another column be seen the advertisement of J. W. CHANDLER & Co. We have not space to do more than simply call attention to it, this week.

TELEGRAPHIC.

Reported for the Louisville Courier.

ARRIVAL OF THE HUMBOLDT.

NEW YORK, Sept. 13.

The steamer Humboldt arrived at 10 A. M., from Southampton, with 130 passengers, and \$40,000 in specie.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.—Sales on the 30th were 600 bales at previous rates. On the 31st 6000 bales were sold. The corn market was quiet, and had been throughout the week. Wheat for the week declined 12½. Corn was unchanged; Flour is easier; yellow 29½; white 29 6d. Floating cargoes are 6d lower.

The damage to the crops was not so great as anticipated.

In London corn was dull. Old Wheat realized previous prices. Consols closed on Tuesday at 100½100½.

Trade in Manchester was favorable.

Further News by the Humboldt.

Accounts from Bombay are to the 24th July. The missing steamer Iheralia is safe. Louis Napoleon has ordered all English papers to be opened at the post offices, in order to suppress the objectionable ones. A magnificent eruption of Mount Etna took place on the 20th Aug. It was feared that several villages would be destroyed by the lava. The cholera is marching eastward, and prevails in several parts of Prussia, becoming more and more fatal. Accounts from Australia state that an increased yield of gold has been made at Sidney.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10.

The steamers Illinois and Sierra Nevada arrived from California yesterday with one day later news.

The most important item is from Peru. The President of Peru has authorized a levy of an army of 10,000, and to equip the navy with not less than six steamers and the same number of sailing vessels to protect the Peruvian flag and interest of the country from any indignity or encroachment which may be offered.

The Illinois brings \$1,370,000; the Nevada \$150,000.

BUFFALO, Sept. 13.

The gale on Lake Erie on Saturday, drove the St. Louis, laden with grain, ashore, and the brig Ironstone was beached at Duck Island. Several other boats were driven ashore.

ADDITIONAL NEWS BY THE NIAGARA.

HALIFAX, Sept. 15.

Gardener's Circular says the demand for beef is limited, and prices have given away fully 5s per tierce, with downward tendency. Pork is retailing at 2s3s lower. Bacon is firmer; the stock is low. Sales 36 tons lard at former rates. Old Prime Mess Beef 85a105s. New 115a 125s. Eastern Prime Mess Pork 80a87s.

The Fishery excitement is over. Sixty thousand ounces gold had arrived at port Philip.

The French minister has commenced to inform the Havre merchants that the Government will not protect them while loading Guano at Lobos.

A portal convention has been signed between Spain and Austria.

Louis Napoleon is about writing a pamphlet defending himself against the aspersions of the English.

The cholera has appeared in Germany. The Russians burnt three Circassian villages to ashes as a chastisement.

The politics of England are quiet. Col. Law, commander of the troop to New Foundland, is about being appointed Governor of the Island.

The potatoe rot in Ireland has disappeared.

The weather is favorable for harvesting. France—Gen. Balmine is dead.

The troops are not to be withdrawn from Rome.

It is rumored that Napoleon has transferred his attention to the daughter of Gaiteriski.

Idia has taken the oath of allegiance to the President.

Hollingshead's Circular says of Cotton a moderate business has been done for the past week, and sales are divided among spinners, exporters, and speculators. The market consequently inactive notwithstanding light receipts, and the small quantity on the way.

Boston, Sept. 14.

The returns from Vermont show that the Whig Governor has been defeated by the people.

The House stands, 96 Whigs, 83 opposition. Senate—25 Whig probably 5 opposition.

Macnam and Tracy, (Whigs) are elected to Congress. Sabine is defeated.

Additional returns from Maine confirm the defeat of Hubbard (Democrat) for Governor, who will lack 4,000 votes.

The Democrats will probably have a small majority, or the Maine Liquor advocate a large one in the House.

Baltimore, Sept. 15.

The New Orleans mail is through.

Late Texas advices are received.

Judge Watson's trial has been put off till next Congress, consequently there will be no federal court in the meantime in Texas.

The cholera is disappearing.

The crop of Corn, Cotton and Sugar, will be abundant.

A most atrocious murder was perpetrated at Austin, by R. Thompson on W.

Fonmin. A reward of \$3,000 is offered for his arrest.

The excitement in Peter Colony has subsided.

Another break has occurred in the Cesspeak Canal, which will require two weeks to repair.

The Phoenix Cotton Mill near Batavia sold for \$28,000. It cost \$150,000.

Baltimore, Sept. 15.

Gen. Scott arrived this P. M., on his way to Blue Lick Springs, Ky., to select a site for a Western Military Hospital. He was received by the Whig Central Committee and numerous Whig delegations. To night he is to be serenaded by the Blue's Brass Band. He is accompanied by Genls. Wool & Lawsons. He will be absent 12 days.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP PACIFIC.

The steamer Pacific arrived with Liverpool dates to the 8th.

The Pacific had 107 passengers.

The harvesting weather in the northern part of Europe is favorable. The wheat crop is of fine quality and a good yield. Throughout England, Ireland and Scotland generally, the crops are regarded as abundant.

The Africa arrived out on Saturday.

The West India steamer Midway arrived on the 5th, with \$1,200,000.

Capt. Hay, of the 17th Regiment, has eloped and married the daughter of Marquis Conyngham, and sailed for the United States.

Great preparations are making to receive Napoleon along the line of his proposed tour.

Petitions continue to pour in in favor of the Empire.

Lloyd's says that Napoleon's marriage was postponed by advice of the physician of Prince Vasa, and that it will certainly take place, and that the proclamation of the Emperor will precede instead of following the nuptials; also, that it has been determined upon to convoke the French Senate to obtain a decision of the people on the question of the Empire.

The French Minister has been recalled, and Dutch funds fell rapidly in consequence.

Cavaignac and Carnot refuse to become candidates. The "Debates" expresses strong dissatisfaction at the seizure of the French fishing vessels.

Pittsburg, Sept. 13.

Gen. Scott arrived this morning. A large crowd escorted him from the railroad depot to the Monongahela House, where he has taken lodgings. This morning at 10 o'clock a large number of citizens assembled in front of the hotel, when the General was introduced to the citizens by Capt. Naylor. He responded to the loud cheers of the people in a short speech, during which, he passed a high eulogium upon Pennsylvania and her regular and citizen soldiers.

It was announced from the balcony that a meeting would be held to-night at the same place, when addresses from several distinguished whig strangers would be delivered.

General Scott will remain here until Monday morning, when he will depart for the west.

ONEIDA, Sept. 18.

Last night Mary Gregg was shot through the body, while standing at her window, the ball penetrating the regions of the stomach. She lingered till 3 o'clock to-day, when she expired. No traces of the murderer are found, nor can any cause be conjectured for the murder.

LOUISVILLE CATTLE MARKET.

Sept. 15, 1852.

BEEVES.—Good cattle scarce at 5½c. Sales at 4½, 5½ for fair, and 3½@4½ for inferior and grass fed.

HOGS.—Sales of a few hundred head for the market at 4½@4½c. Sales for packing at 5c.

Explosion at Chillicothe—Six Houses Destroyed.

We learn by private intelligence that a keg of powder exploded in a store adjoining the Telegraph office in Chillicothe, Ohio, on Thursday. Six houses were destroyed and several lives supposed to be lost. The building occupied by the Telegraph company was one of the houses destroyed; hence no news by the wires.

[Exchange.]

SERIOUS AFFRAY.—A fight which threatened seriously occurred on Strawberry Alley, near the Court House, on Monday evening, between Mr. John George and Mr. Lewis Toler. The fight grew out of a dispute in regard to the ownership of a sword cane which Toler had in possession and which George claimed. From words they came to blows; George, as we are informed, making the assault. Toler inflicted several severe, and it is thought dangerous wounds upon George with the sword of the cane. One in the abdomen and another through the arm into the chest. Toler was arrested and after a long and tedious examination, discharged yesterday.—*Clarksville Jeffersonian*, 8th.

JUST THE THING FOR SUMMER NIGHTS.—An inventor in Macon, Ga., has taken measures to secure a patent for an improved fan bedstead. A fan is hung on a vibrated rod, passing through arms attached to the bed-posts, which, by appropriate gearing of cords and pulley, is attached to the slats on which the bed is placed, and on which a person's weight sets the machinery in motion to keep the fan vibrating all night.

The receipts from the Pittsburgh and Cleveland railroad during August were \$30,127.

From the Austin [Texas] State Gazette.

Tribute of Respect.

Just as our paper was preparing for the press, we received the proceedings of a meeting of the citizens of Webberville, held on the 26th instant, to pay a suitable tribute of respect to the memory of their late fellow-citizen, Dr. R. C. Moffett. We have to condense the proceedings to get them into our paper to-day. Dr. J. R. Simms was chosen chairman, and W. M. Seiver, Secretary. Col. J. B. Banks, Rev. Wesley Smith and T. M. Seiver were appointed a committee to prepare resolutions for the meeting. They reported a preamble setting forth the circumstances of Dr. Moffett's death, the efforts made to restore him to life after the body was found, and his burial by the Masonic fraternity, the military and citizens—closing as follows:

Dr. Moffett, as a physician, during his short stay among us, gave every evidence of erudition, and skill in his profession; as a gentleman, his bearing was high-toned, courteous and frank; as a friend, he was firm and warm-hearted. Therefore,

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his relations and friends, feeling that they have lost a dutiful and kind relative, and we a highly estimable citizen and friend.

Resolved, That a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be sent to the *Austin Gazette* for publication, and that the Louisville, Memphis and Springfield papers be requested to notice them.

J. R. SIMMS, Chairman.
W. M. SEIVER, Secretary.

A ROMANTIC SUICIDE.—A man named Patrick Bartlett recently committed suicide in Pike county, Ala., by hanging himself soon after his marriage. The Troy Palladium says:

He had been in love with a young lady but was prevented, by some means, from marrying her, and wedded another. Soon after his marriage he carried his wife to see his parents, and there met the young lady, his former love, to whom he seems to have been devotedly attached. Their feelings upon meeting overcame their sense of propriety, and they rushed into each other's arms, embraced, and were melted to tears. This seems to have revived, in a ten fold degree, his love for her; and after carrying his wife back to her parents, said that he would go to Troy and mail a letter, which he had written; but it appears he came to the determination on the way to destroy himself, which he did, in the manner above described.

The great Whig jubilee yesterday was one of the most imposing, well conducted, and orderly gatherings that ever convened. There was not a disturbance, fight, or even an angry word spoken during the day. All met together as friends and brothers.

The Barbaque was most beautifully furnished and supplied with choice meats, good bread, and an abundance of potatoes all cooked in the best manner possible. A mountain of bread, and whole hetaconbs of sheep were consumed, in addition to the droves of fat heaves and pigs.—The ladies tables were more luxuriously furnished, and nearly all the delicacies as well as substantial of the season were provided in abundance.—*Lou. Cour.*

THE NEW YORK POSTAGE.—The postage law just passed, provides that three ounces shall be the maximum weight of newspapers subject to single postage; for such, for any distance within the United States. Newspapers not exceeding 1½ ounces in weight, are circulated at half price in the State where published, and small papers can be pre paid, or stamped, and go in bundles, by weight, at those rates. Transient papers, unless paid in advance, will be charged double postage.

MOST ATROCIOUS ATTEMPT AT WHOLESALE MURDER.—One of the most diabolical attempts at wholesale murder, that has ever come to our knowledge, was perpetrated last night, on the line of Hudson River Railroad, in the vicinity of Burnham's Hotel, at Bloomingdale. It appears that some villain or villains, embedded one end of an iron rail, in the earth, to the depth of two feet, with the upper end standing off in a northern direction, so that the Evening Express train from Albany, on reaching the point, shortly after ten o'clock P. M., ran at full speed against it, staving in the front of the locomotive, and completely disabling it. Fortunately, and miraculously, however, no person was injured, and after a detention of about an hour, another locomotive was procured from the upper depot at Thirty-first st., when the passengers were conveyed to the city. It would be difficult to say what punishment would be sufficiently severe for those who thus jeopardized the lives of hundreds of passengers.

N. Y. Tribune.

A THICK WALL.—The British Government are constructing at Dover an artificial harbor for the safety of shipping. It is to consist of a space of seven hundred acres, is to be enclosed by a wall more than two miles in length; more that half of which space will at all times secure a depth of from thirty to forty-two feet in the lowest tide. The wall will be ninety feet wide at the bottom, and fifty at the top; the sides will be eighteen feet thick, and consist of immense blocks of solid stone, the middle filled with artificial stone or concrete. The foundation of this stupendous work is now laying by companies of men who remain several hours, with diving bells, under the water. This gigantic display of human power and skill will, when fully completed, cost more than two millions sterling.

A man without discretion is like a ship without a helm.

POWER OF CREATION.—The experiments made by Professor Crosse, of England, of producing insect life from elements free from all ova, have given rise to the fallacious idea that man possesses the faculty of creation. Whatever the cause of life, electricity, in itself, or in combination with the gasses, man has no power of creation in himself, however he may be made the medium of life, or the agent acting for a higher power. As a creature, whatever man may do, or seem to cause, he is but an instrument of power to carry out the designs of creation. He combines, he analyses, he executes, but he originates nothing, however wonderfully he may achieve great results by complicated adaptation of means to ends. Professor Crosse is a diffident and meek disciple of science, who makes no pretensions to the creative faculty, but insists only on the principle of spontaneous creation; yet as the power of man is now-a-days too often glorified instead of the power of God, too much caution cannot be used in confounding one with the other. Immense and marvelous as are the powers of human faculties, and the lever of genius, still humility is the only door through which ever genius can pass from the darkness of ignorance into the full blaze and dazzling glare of science, as she reveals nature to the astonished meditation of philosophy.

TOBACCO.—The market for this staple continues firm. The sales during the past week were at very full prices. The sales at all the warehouses from November 1st, 1851, up to last evening amount to twenty three and nine hundred and ten hogsheads!—*Lou. Dem.*

"Tis false," as the girl said when her beau told her she had beautiful hair.

A GENTLE HINT.—"Your hand annoys me exceedingly," said the Prince of La Rochesurion, to a talkative person who was sitting near him at dinner, and who was constantly suiting the action to the word.

"Indeed, my lord," replied the gabbler, "we are so crowded at the table, that I do not know where to put my hand."

"Put it in your mouth," said the Prince.

The Memphis *Eagle* of the 9th in reference to the sinking of the *Pawnee*, has the following:

"The Leathers brought up, the larger portion of the cargo of the *Pawnee*, much of which is in rather a damp condition. The carpenters and hands are hard at work on the *Pawnee*, and she will soon be afloat again.

MARRIED HIS SIXTH WIFE.—Mr. Samuel Parker of this city, was on yesterday evening, by the Rev. George Walker, married to Mrs. Ann Lawre, she being his sixth wife.

Mr. Parker is about seventy years of age, is a Native of the State of New Jersey—came to this city about thirteen years ago, bringing his third wife with him. He buried his fifth wife about seven months ago and is now married to the sixth.

[Enquirer]

Punctuality is one of the greatest virtues a business man can possess.

Low Advertisements.

REMOVAL.

THE undersigned have removed into their large and commodious Store House, where they are receiving and opening a large and well selected stock of Staple and Fancy Fall and Winter.

Dry Goods.

selected with great care by one of the Firm of New York and Philadelphia—having purchased at low prices, they are determined to sell low, and would be pleased to see all of their old friends and acquaintances. Our terms will be low for cash, or to punctual dealers on twelve months time.

J. W. Chandler, having associated himself with E. S. Peters, the business of the Firm will be conducted under the name of J. W. CHANDLER & CO.

All those indebted to J. W. Chandler, on account of trade, are particularly requested to come forward and make payment as I am determined to wind up the business of the old concern.

J. W. CHANDLER.

Lebanon, Ky., Sept. 22, 1852-1f.

BOOKS! BOOKS!!

THE following School, and Miscellaneous BOOKS, together with Stationery may be had at the Drug Store; and any works desired on hand will be immediately ordered.

McClure's 1st, 2nd, 3d, 4th, and 5th Readers.

Primmers and Salliers.

Goodrich's 1st, 2nd, 3d and 4th Readers.

Webster's Dictionary, Speller, and Speller and Definer.

Kay's, Davies', and Pike's Arithmetics and Ray's Algebra.

Butler's, Smith's Kirkham's and Pinney's Grammars.

Mitchell's Orney's and Smith's Geographies.

Constock's Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

Pinnea's English Teacher; Familiar Science; Casmas; the great work of Baron Humboldt.

History of England by Hume; Smeallet & Co. in 4 vols.

Rollin's History of the Modes, Persians, Carthaginians, &c., in 2 vols.

Select Poetry.

Wait.

BY CHAUNCEY HALE SMITH.

Wait! for the day is breaking,
Though the dull night be long;
Wait! God is not forsaking,
Thy heart. Be strong—be strong!

Wait! and the clouds of sorrow
Shall melt in gentle showers,
And hines from heaven shall borrow,
As they fall amidst the flowers.

Wait! 'tis the key to pleasure,
And to the plan of God;
Oh, tarry thou till his leisure—
Thy soul shall bear no load!

Wait! for the time is lasting
When life shall be made clear,
And all who know heart-wasting,
Shall feel that God is dear.

Miscellaneous.

PEELING THE BARK OFF.—A raw down easter came to this city a while ago, and hired out to a cabinet maker within a stone's throw of our sanctum. He understood lots of things, and like a true Yankee, managed to pass for a good deal more than he was worth. The proprietor one day showed a very pretty mahogany veneered bureau to the mechanic and told him to "smooth it off," as the purchaser would call for it in the course of the morning. Bye-and-bye Sni—Johnny Raw made his appearance in the warehouse.

"Well, John, have you made that bureau shine well?"

"Wall, I guess it don't look bad, but 'twas a tairal job though. I couldn't git at it any other way, and I took a fore-plane, and peeled the darned bark all off on't!"

A NEAT CONDUCTOR.—The "neatest" conductor we ever heard of flourishes on the railroad between Albany and Buffalo. A passenger who had his head out of the window was decapitated by a collision with a passing train, when the conductor seized the body and shoved the shoulders out of the window, exclaiming—

"Blame me old fellow, if you shall bleed in here!"

This conductor is a model of neatness.

Literary Museum.

UNMERCHANTABLE WHISKY.—The Cincinnati Gazette, of a late date, says:

"A few weeks since we had occasion to notice the fact that whisky had been sold in the market which proved to be musty, or damaged. Since that time we have heard of two similar cases, and one of these was submitted to the Chamber of Commerce for adjustment. The case was submitted to arbitration, not merely on account of the amount involved, which is unimportant, but for the purpose of testing the matter, and establishing a precedent. The decision is one of great importance both to the dealers in and manufacturers of the article. The committee (it was carried up to the Committee of Appeals) have decided that sellers are responsible when they sell whisky without having an understanding relative to its quality, which may prove unmerchantable. The question was also decided that inspectors, under the general inspection laws of the State, are required merely to ascertain the proof of the whisky, and the capacity of the barrel. The result of this decision will be, we suppose, that hereafter whisky will be sold for what it may be, whether 'rotten,' or 'sound,' with the understanding that the purchaser shall have no recourse upon the seller, except when the seller may know the article to be prime, and be willing to guarantee it; and the latter will, of course, command the highest price."

WOLVES AND RAILROADS.—The Chicago Tribune has the following:—"It is said that since the tracks of the railroad around the Lake were laid down, but one single wolf has been seen or heard of South of them, and it is thought that he had never been North since their construction. The farmers of Twenty Mile Prairie, and adjacent country, are no longer troubled about herding their sheep in pens during each night, as they were formerly. The wolf is at all times exceedingly suspicious of traps, and is not disposed to venture near iron or steel, however tempting the bait may be that lies near it; hence their fear of crossing the railroad track to commit depredations on the flocks in the farming country South. At night, too, when they leave their dens, the locomotives pass, and their hideous noise is not calculated to inspire the varmints with any remarkable degree of confidence and security from danger."

A YANKEE FISHING TOWN.—The Boston Transcript gives the following interesting reminiscences of the history of a fishing town in Massachusetts:

At the commencement of the revolutionary war, Marblehead sent a full regiment of officers and men to join the Continental army. Seamen were needed, whereupon encouragement was given to the soldiers to leave the army and enter the public and private vessels. Many companies belonging to fishing towns were thus disbanded. When the last draft came for men, no man was left in the town under eighty years of age, and no boy over fourteen. At the end of the war, there were fifteen hundred widows in that one town of Marblehead. The fact was as indisputable as that the town house was standing. Unfortunately, in many instances the army list could not be found, and shipping papers were lost, so that only a thousand widows from Marblehead could establish claims, but it was not doubted that there were hundreds more who were entitled to pensions, but for the accident of losing the necessary proof.

A Monster Bell.

We were shown, yesterday, at the extensive bell foundry of Mr. Kaye, on Water street, above Second, the pattern for a bell which will be cast by Mr. Kaye in a few days and which, when finished, will probably be the largest in the United States. It will be about six feet in height, ten feet in diameter at the bottom, and will weigh forty-six hundred pounds. It is for the Catholic cathedral on Fifth street.—*Lou. Dem.*

ADVICE TO WIVES, NOT VERY COMPLIMENTARY TO HUSBANDS.—A wife must study never to draw largely on the small stock of patience in a man's nature, nor to increase his obstinacy by trying to drive him; never, never, if possible, to have scenes. I doubt much if a real quarrel, even made up, does not loosen the bond between man and wife, and sometimes, unless the affection of both be very sincere, is lasting. If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear, from most men, a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires. Mild, as well as stern men, are prone to this exaggeration of language, let not a woman be tempted to say anything sarcastic or violent in retaliation. The bitterest repentance must needs follow, if she do. Men frequently forget what they have said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too, for forbearance in such cases; for whilst asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong.—Give a little time, as the greatest boon you can bestow, to the irritated feelings of your husband.—*English Matron.*

A GOOD JUDGE OF DISTANCE.—It would be well if all passengers could keep themselves as firmly aloof from excitement in a steamboat race, as a venerable friend, of Rhode Island, (now descended, full of years and full of honors, to his grave,) did on the occasion of a race between two contending steamers, on one occasion, in Long Island Sound. The boats had been running with no visible advantage on either side, for a great distance, and groups of excited persons were on the deck, discussing their several chances of triumph, and finally appealed to the "Friend" in question:

"Don't you think we've gained on her in coming the last forty miles?"

"Yes," replied the Quaker, with imperturbable gravity, "I should say, from present appearances, that we had."

"Do you?" Well, Mr. Brown, how much should you think we have gained upon her?"

"I may be mistaken," replied our Friend "for I have small gift at correctly calculating differences of distance; but I should think that in the last fifty miles we have gained upon her about an inch!"

He was too "close" an observer to be bothered with any further questioning from the excited bystanders.

To Get Rid of Moles.

A writer in the Southern Cultivator offers the following mode to get rid of moles:

"To kill moles, which some of our subscribers complain of, boil a handful of corn into homony; then stew with it a spoonful of sugar with a few grains of strychnine; let it dry, and drop a grain or two in their holes. They will never see day-light again. Patent me for this recipe, will you?—unless you can show an earlier invention, or one better."

We think, says the Germantown Telegraph, however, to eat beef in thin strips resembling an earth worm, and prepare it as above, it will be more efficacious, as it is well known that the mole is carnivorous in its habits, rarely eating anything but worms and insects, except driven by hunger to prey upon the tender roots of plants.

But we have another, and we think a still better remedy for these annoying animals, which we are assured will not fail to drive them from your premises. It has been tried in this borough, and pronounced, after two years experience, to be effectual. It is only to place in the runs of the mole, at various points, or where a new one or branch can be seen, bits of red herring! Let the be carefully inserted and in a little while these short-sighted animals will take their departure, and may not trouble you again for years.

DEAR SLEEP.—The Parkersburg Gazette has the following good thing:—"One night this week, a stranger hailed at our warboat, took lodgings, and requested to be called in time for the first boat going westward."

An hour passed, and down came the packet, blowing and whistling as only our liners can blow and whistle. Our passenger was aroused and told to "hump himself," as the boat was in sight.

"How long," inquired the drowsy traveler, rubbing his eyes, "have I been asleep?"

"About an hour," was the reply.

"What's the damage for lodging?"

"Two bits," responded the polite wharf-master, in his blindest tone.

"Two bits! Well, mister, I'm mighty glad you woke me so soon. Two bits an hour!—Why, stranger, at that rate, if I had slept till morning, I should have been dead broke!"

So saying, our calculating friend forked over, stepped aboard the steamer, and went on his way rejoicing. He was one of the k'chaps and cau journey on.

VERY NATURAL.—An outside passenger of a coach had his hat blown over a bridge and carried away by the stream.

"Is it not very singular," said he, to a gentleman who was seated beside him, "that my hat took that direction?"

"Not at all," replied the latter; "it is natural that a heavier should take the water."

Conundrums.

"Dadd, I want to ask you a question.—Why is a gin-palace like a bad shilling?"

"I can't tell my son." Because you can't pass it," said the boy.

Why cannot the Chelsea pensioners hold a general meeting? Because there would always be some members missing.

When would people older that yourself make good feeding for cattle? When they are past your age (pasturage.)

How may a person denounce a wizard and praise a novelist in the same terms? By saying, Oh! unique, romancer, (Oh! you necromancer.)

Why are seeds, when sown, like a gate post? They are planted in the earth to propagate (prop a gate.)

To whom may the family of the Ark-wrights trace their origin? To Noah, for he was the first Ark-wright.

Why is the present the saddest season of the year? Because the people are now most subject to melon-choles.

The slaves of the South, when they wish to be severe on each other, say, "Go 'long half price nigger; you wouldn't fetch fifty dollars, and I've worth a thousand."

In religious disquisitions, the tongue does not always represent the mind.

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